



The

Agamous

Queen

A story by Rhea Williams

Credits and License

Codes: MF hist viol

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Preface

This a side story from the “Growing Pains” universe and this is Rhea's unreadable homework. **This is not light reading and there is a glossary at the front!** If you were Rhea's English teacher, would you want to mark this?!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

All stories should work well on their own but I believe there is more to be gained from the unfolding characters and plot lines to read it them order.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and **will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org and my website.** Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards,

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Glossary

abderian - given to incessant laughter
abishag - fair woman who is born to a married man's mistress
abnormous - misshapen
achroous - colourless
acrasic - acting against better judgment
agamous - unmarried
agonously - imposing agony
alcedama - blood-soaked battle field
autolatrically - acting independently and without authority
avetrol - illegitimate child
baldric - a belt to hold a sword
barathums - eating like you have a "bottomless pit"
cachinnation - loud noise
caitiffs - cowards
callipygean - beautiful buttocks
capernoited - intoxicated
cerulean - deep blue
chirocracy - a government being ruled by the use of force
chryselephantine - gold and ivory
decollated - beheaded
ectomorphic - slender, thin
epincions - a victory song
epulose - giant feast
exsibilant - disapproving hiss
farctated - stuffed
flartingly - to mock or insult
fuscoferuginous - dark, rusty colour
fyerked - to flick with the thumb
gambrinous - drunk on beer
glabrous - hairless
gracile - beautiful
haggersnash - spiteful person
huderon - lazy or a lazy person
illecebrous - alluring or enticing
imberbic - beard-less

infrendiate - to gnash of the teeth

jaculate - to throw

lethiferous - deadly or murderous

lopadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimhypotrimmatosilphioparaomelitokatakechymenokichlepikekossyphophattoperisteralektryonoptekephalliokigklopeleiolagoiosiraiobaphetraganopterygon - a goulash composed of all the leftovers

nebulochaotic - confused

plangent - loud, reverberating sound

pyknic - short and fat

salebrous - rough or ragged

sapience - wisdom

saponaceous - soapy

vapulating - to flog or whip

ventripotent - powerful

xanthic - yellow

xyresic - sharp

yaud - an old horse

Chapter I

Georgina sat astride her beautiful black stallion and surveyed the two thousand men and women armed and prepared for a bloody battle. For many of her warriors it would be their first fight and for a few, she knew they were too young but her army would be successful and defeat the nacket's disorganised band of huderons and avetrols.

This was her land, stretching from the cerulean seas of Waverley to the salebrous mountains of Agephon, which she inherited from her father aged eight and had ruled with sapience and fairness ever since. The terrorists who demanded freedom and independence from the rule of their monarchy had been defeated five years ago.

The pyknic, foul individual, who autolatrically styled himself as the Protector of Elgiva, obrtuded his obsessive and misguided beliefs onto the small corner of her realm until she destroyed his abusive ideals with a decisive victory at the Battle of Gloosen, and his untimely and violent death.

Over a mile away, the xanthic flags of her enemy, now assembled under her deceased opponent's son, were clearly visible in the distance and a single rider and horse left their huddle and crossed the deep valley. She watched him approach her army and her deputy ordered their warriors to engage their weaponry.

"Your Majesty. His excellence, the Protector of Elgiva requests an audience with you by the stream," the messenger nervously said and she nodded silently.

"Tell the pretender we will meet him in ten minutes to accept his surrender," her deputy, a buxom abishag born to a peasant girl who had progressed exceptionally well since joining the army five years ago. She was confident and had her hand on her sword.

"We will not be surrendering. We are fighting for freedom!" The young messenger announced and there was a loud collective exsibilation from her army.

"Hold your tongue," her deputy shouted and pointed her sword at the throat of the young man. Georgina put her hand up and Ingrid, her respected sidekick, lowered the pointed weapon.

"We will meet him," Georgina replied calmly and the messenger rode back towards the disorganised band of freedom fighters.

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Georgina had not met the son of the terrorist and her forces had been forceful in suppressing any rebellion since her glorious victory on the alcedama, just outside the small market town of Gloosen. Over 400 of her brave soldiers had perished as her glorious army agonously killed 2,500 of the misguided and brainwashed men, who were fighting to bring anarchy and chirocracy to her country.

The two leaders of the opposing forces were to meet in the centre of the field, the Sun directly overhead. She was flanked by Ingrid, and her bodyguard, a ventripotent giant of a man with a huge frame and a quiet demeanour. She watched the two horses descend the steep incline and approach them.

He was tall and broad, around six feet in height, with warm blue eyes and short brown hair. His clothes were torn and ragged, his horse flea-bitten and tired and was not wearing any armour at all. Ingrid sneered, but Georgina felt a wave of sympathy come over her. He stood no chance.

"Your majesty, Yohann, Protector of the good land of Elgiva," the terrorist introduced himself with a sly smile. "We haven't met."

“Majesty? You agree that Her Royal Highness should be sovereign over these lands?” Ingrid asked in an angry voice.

Yohann smiled and nodded gently. “Not one of my army objects to Her Royal Highness reigning over these lands, it is my lands that we are fighting for.”

Ingrid drew her xyresic sword but Georgina held out her hand and she dropped it back into its holder as Yohann grabbed his. “Save it for the battle,” Georgina barked. “Unless you wish to surrender and save your men's lives.”

Yohann pursed his lips. “We will not be surrendering, but when we win I promise we will not kill those of your men and women who are lucky to still have their lives.”

Georgina nodded and then gave her adversary a tortured smile. “And I give you the same promise. But if I win, you will bow before me and to swear allegiance to the throne.”

“I would sooner die,” he angrily spat.

Ingrid redrew her sword from its sheath. “I can arrange that.” Georgina barked an instruction and the weapon was returned to its' holder with an unhappy grunt.

“We will fight when we return to our armies.”

* * * * *

Ten minutes later, the bugle horn blew and the two masses of people descended onto the small stream at the base of the two grassy gentle slopes. For the Queen's army, over 2,000 heavily armed, well trained soldiers with armour and immaculate equipment roared down the incline on striking, healthy horses. For the freedom fighters of Elgiva, 300 nebulochaotic peasants with rusty weapons tripped their way through the heavy undergrowth.

Around one in seven of the terrorists were on horseback and many were wearing torn and dirty farm clothes or stained garments. They stood no chance.

Georgina rode purposely down the hill and decollated the first peasant as her horse thundered past. She came face-to-face with a lone terrorist on horseback and she drove her sword deep into his abdomen.

Yohann saw Georgina break from the battle and kill Robert, his best friend and deputy. Anger welled up inside of him and he snapped the reins of his tired equine, riding with murderous intent to get to her. The battle was not progressing well but he clearly thought that the incapacitation of the Queen would hinder her forces and give Elgiva its' independence.

Georgina saw Yohann ride towards her and gathered her sword, watching angrily as the imberbic Yohann drew his giant claymore from its' sheath. She knew from experience that it would be too big to use effectively on a horse but she needed to exercise caution, it was still a dangerous weapon.

She guided her horse round and charged towards him, traversing the sodden ground in seconds. Her opponent lifted the giant sword to chest height, ready to impale her but she knocked it away with her rapier-style weapon as she roared past him and then sliced the yaud's rump.

The mangy horse collapsed and threw Yohann to the ground. He stumbled to his feet, unarmed and disorientated, the plangent of galloping hooves and scampering feet bewildering him. He felt the cold, sharp point of a steel weapon touch the back of his shoulders and a familiar voice. “Can you see your men running away like startled sheep.” Georgina pointed to a gaggle of caitiffs scampering up the hill and grinned. “And now you will bow to me when we return to my castle.”

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Yohann's wrists were bound together and was having to run to keep up with the lethiferous Georgina. She had tied him to her horse and they were galloping at a reasonable speed towards her luxurious and impressive castle. A few times Yohann lost his footing and was dragged behind her until he could regain his balance.

In total, two of her soldiers were injured but they counted over 100 deaths from Yohann's army. They had released the remaining peasants without their weapons but had kept just the leader who Georgina had mercilessly tied to her horse and was busy dragging along by his wrists.

Georgina was not vengeful and no intention of executing the handsome and striking leader but she needed to suppress the violent opposition to her rule in that small corner of her country and she needed Yohann to help her do it. His father was revered inside the nationalist Elgiva, and his son was promoted to having a similar status. His public capitulation and humiliation would only serve to illustrate her power, and her greatness.

Chapter II

Adepheron Castle stood ten miles inland on top of one of the highest hills in the land. Georgina could stand on the cold stone balcony and survey the rolling hills, idyllic lakes and the feint outline of the beautiful coastline. The four major cities were within ten miles of her castle and although it was not the biggest nor the most imposing castle in the land, it was her favourite.

The entourage split at the gates to her castle. Georgina had already congratulated her soldiers on an impressive victory and they travelled back to their barracks while the elite warriors, Georgina and the unfortunate Yohann ascended up the steep hill and then onto the barbican, the portcullis and into the centre.

Yohann was bruised, battered, bleeding and exhausted. His pathetic thin clothes were so badly torn and soaked in his blood that they hung loosely. Georgina dismounted and called over a guard.

“Will you kneel before me and accept me as your monarch?” Georgina asked and Yohann shook his head before collapsing back on the ground, panting furiously.

Georgina flashed a smile across her battle-weary face and barked an order to the guard. “Put our guest in the dungeon. He has many cuts and wounds, and they need to be attended to. Use vinegar.”

Yohann wailed but Georgina ignored him and walked inside, ready to have a hot bath and a giant feast.

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Georgina and Ingrid were both farctated after the impressive epulose that had been laid on; it was certainly better than the lopadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimhypotrimmatosilphioparaomelitokatakechymenokichlepiakossyphophattoperisteralektryonoptekephalliokigklopeleiolagoiosiraiobaphetraganopterygon they had survived on while in battle. Two hundred gambrinous warriors packed the Great Hall and sang epincions honouring Georgina and hailing her achievements. All of the soldiers were capernoited thanks to the mead and beer brewed on site and Georgina watched Ingrid as the haggernash sadistically impaled a illecebrous serving girl on an aubergine to loud cheers from the assembled army.

The serving girl cried due to the humiliation and pain but Georgina was taken with sympathy for the callipygean redhead and after the cachinnation died down that echoed around the hall, Georgina sent the humiliated teenager to her chambers.

Georgina laughed and enjoyed the banquet but there was something missing. She was yearning for the terrorist's admission that he would serve her. She wanted to witness his humiliation and her soul tingled at the thought of it.

“Bring me the prisoner,” she barked to a nearby guard and five minutes later, a naked Yohann appeared, his body smeared with dried blood. Georgina glanced at his flaccid penis and snorted. It didn't look big, but then her last couple of partners were pitifully poorly endowed until they got aroused and then they trebled in size.

Yohann had clearly suffered, his face was stressed and his eyes were weary and pathetic. Georgina stood up on her chair and then the table at the foot of the banquet. The guard brought Yohann forward and threw him onto the floor in front of her table and alongside the, now silent, guests.

“Kneel and beg me for forgiveness and I might spare you your life,” she thundered but

Yohann shook his head and rubbed his eyes.

“No. I will never accept you as the just and fair ruler of ...”

“SILENCE!” Georgina bellowed and the sound echoed off the walls. “I will get you to bow and kneel before me or I will kill you.”

“Kill me,” Yohann replied softly. Ingrid grabbed hold of an apple and jaculated it towards the prisoner, it bouncing off his head. Yohann yelled in pain and Georgina infrendiated.

“Kill me, your majesty,” Yohann said louder and stood up to his feet. “Go on, kill me,” Yohann shouted and Georgina leapt down off the table with her sword drawn and her eyes filled with rage. She brought the sword back and took a deep breath.

She stopped. If she killed him now, she would never be able to hear his confession and admission that he was not worthy. She needed to have his capitulation talked about all over the treacherous kingdom of Elgiva.

“You can't do it. KILL ME,” Yohann yelled flartingly at her and she turned her back on him. “You are a coward. You can't do it.” Yohann burst into a fit of abderian hysterics. “Coward!” Georgina picked up another apple and threw it as hard as she could, hitting Yohann on the side of the head and watching him collapse unconscious on the floor.

“You,” she called the guard and pointed at prostrate man on the floor. “Give him a vinegar enema,” she barked. “And add some chillis in. I want him to suffer.”

* * * * *

Sunniva nervously awaited the arrival of her monarch. Her father had died of consumption the year before, and her mother was too frail to work so she was proud as well as delighted when her youngest daughter started working for the Queen. She might only be a servant but Sunniva was beautiful, with soft skin and warm brown eyes. Her natural bright red hair shimmered in the candle light and her button nose attracted comments that she was cute.

Georgina threw open her door to her chambers in a foul mood. She wanted Yohann to crack – it had been two weeks of increasingly cruel torture; she knew for definite if their self-appointed leader bowed down before her, then the rest of the population of that mountainous enclave would do to. It was the only part of her country in revolt; when she came to the throne there were several.

“Your majesty,” Sunniva said, greeting the striding Georgina who crossed the room with just three steps.

Georgina's mood softened. She had noticed the ectomorphic girl before, but she looked so much more inviting without a vegetable in her and Georgina had decided she needed Sunniva's help. “I have a little job for you,” Georgina said as Sunniva cleaned the room. “The prisoner downstairs. You are to take him his food and tend to his wounds tomorrow. And while you are there I want you to strike up a friendship with him. Find out where his weaknesses are. Do whatever is necessary.”

Chapter III

Yohann tossed and turned on his cold hard slab that masqueraded as a bed that night, not dreaming of freedom as he found it unable to sleep for long enough to dream. The dungeon was cold and on several occasions rats scrambled across his face as they frantically sought scraps of food.

Yohann's body ached. He was in near constant pain from the tortures he had had to endure and was feeling queasy and ill from the attentions of the sadistic guard and could not get comfortable; he just dreamt that he was able to behead the imposter that was ruining his beloved land.

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Georgina found Sunniva scrubbing the floor in the Great Hall as the sun poked over the horizon, and called her from the archway. Sunniva ran over to her monarch and then knelt before her. "Have you fed the parasite in the dungeon?"

"No your highness."

"Well, run the bath in the side wing and take him to it with a decent breakfast. Give him a change of clothes and tell him we are out of the castle for most of the day and that your parents are from Elgiva. Be his friend, Sunniva."

"Yes, your majesty," Sunniva replied, taking in all what her majesty had told her. She awaited for further instructions but when none were forthcoming, she scurried off to follow the directions she had been given.

* * * * *

Even the guard was shocked by the achroous tones of Yohann's skin but Sunniva escorted the cuffed rebel up three flights of stairs and into the tiny side wing of the castle. The chambers that were free, used to belong to a bishop but had not been reallocated since he had died; they were tiny and no-one wanted them but was ideal for what Sunniva needed to do. The steaming hot bath was in the window and Yohann gave her a nervous grin.

"I cannot believe that this is from Georgina," he said as he looked at the tray of fruit and the bath. Sunniva also looked at the fruit. She might have expected to eat that amount of fruit in six months not in one meal. Yohann looked at Sunniva's warm brown eyes and nervous demeanour and smiled.

"It's from me, everyone is out of the castle today and you won't be seen here. I don't want you in the dungeon eating what they did want to give you. It wasn't nice."

Yohann hobbled over to the fuscoferuginous bath and tested the water. It was warm, not too hot and he eagerly wanted to just jump in. His wounds and sores would soak nicely in the water but he eyed the gracile Sunniva.

"Why?"

Sunniva shifted nervously. "My parents are from Elgiva," she lied and shrugged. "I don't want to see you beaten."

Yohann gave her a warm smile and looked at the plate of fruit. "I am not too hungry after the torture yesterday. Will you have some?" Yohann asked and Sunniva reluctantly shook her head. She did want some but couldn't eat such luxuries, she would be fired.

"You have some," Yohann asked of her, expecting the girl to leap on the fruit but she shook her head. "I can't. I'd lose my job."

“And smuggling me out of prison won't?” Yohann asked and Sunniva gave a smile.

“I guess, but don't you want it?”

“I want to share it with you,” he generously said and passed her a piece of melon and put it into her acriasic mouth. She savoured the fruit's juicy sweetness and smiled. Yohann popped a grape onto his tongue and took his torn, ragged clothes and threw them onto the floor. Sunniva went to help him into the bath, but he just stepped in.

She wasn't used to that. All of the royalty and gentry she had served wanted her assistance to do everything, from getting in and out of the bath, to getting dressed. Lady Drayton even wanted her butt wiping when she stayed, and here was the leader with thousands of followers just climbing into the bath by himself. She didn't understand.

Yohann sank in the giant bathtub and his eyes darted to Sunniva. “Come join me,” he muttered and she shook her head. It had been two weeks since she had had a bath and eight years since she had had a warm bath. She wanted to, she really wanted to but she knew if the Queen caught her she would be fired, and disciplined in a most brutal way.

Yohann saw the hesitation and reached out to her with his wet hands. “Come on,” he said softly and he tugged at her tired and stained white tunic.

Sunniva sighed in resignation and the red-haired teenager took off her work attire and climbed into the bath. Yohann glanced at her eruption of pubic hair and gave a wry smile – it was the fashion in Elgiva to have the hair short, even glabrous – and this girl had no allegiance to him or his country. So what was she up to?

Sunniva and Yohann feasted on the fruit like barathums and made small talk. Yohann tried to elicit from which part of his land did Sunniva's parents come from, but she couldn't tell him, or anything about his country. The more evasive she got, the more obvious it came to him that was a plant, a spy.

Of course, he was enjoying the warm bath and fruit and gestured her over to him. Her put his arms around her and slid his fingers down to her crotch. She smiled and grunted as his fingers darted everywhere. She rubbed her body up against his on the floor of the bathtub and rocked back and forth rhythmically.

Yohann sensed her desire and spread her labia with his fingers, before sliding his middle finger down her crevice and encircling her small pearl. She sighed as the saponaceous fingers slid effortlessly into her slippery hole. Yohann couldn't reach too deeply from the angle he was in, but his thumb fyerked against her sensitive areas while his finger wiggled inside of her.

Sunniva grunted and mewed. Yohann moved his other hand and played with Sunniva's rear and then her breasts. Her legs quivered and her body rocked, rhythmically bouncing on Yohann's lap as the finger touched her most erogenous zones.

She nasally grunted and cried out. “Oh god,” she squealed and Yohann pushed on her clitoris. She grabbed the side of the bath and moaned.

Yohann pushed Sunniva's buttons three more times before they got out. She had only provided one towel so they had to share it in the draughty castle room but Yohann didn't mind.

Sunniva was shocked by the brutal marks on Yohann's body, caused by his treatment at the hands of Georgina since being captured and she kissed him on the lips. She needed to gain his trust and Yohann wondered how far she would go before asking him what she wanted to know. She was doing this as she had been ordered to.

Yohann spun Sunniva round and threw her on the musty bed adorned with ornate chryselephantine decorations. It had been a bishop's bed beforehand and probably had

never seen sex before, but the concupiscent Yohann was determined to change that. He kissed Sunniva again passionately and she reached down to his manhood.

“Yes,” she muttered and without any assistance from the servant he guided his cock into her slippery and welcoming hole. Sunniva gave a small groan as Yohann's member was buried to the hilt. He began to make rhythmic thrusts, ramming his phallus as far as he could get into her and watching her lustful eyes drip with passion.

She bit her lip as Yohann's rampant piston hammered into her sex. She squealed and grabbed hold of his buttocks. Yohann increased his tempo, his dick effortlessly sliding into her aroused hole. She grunted. He panted. They kissed.

Sunniva felt another climax approaching and squeezed the terrorist. He put his hands on her shoulders and with a final few thrusts starting pumping his seed into the avetrol, just as her orgasm hit her and her muscles quivered and shook.

They waited for a few moments and Yohann helped Sunniva to her feet. She smiled at him and put her arms around him. She needed him to feel good, and hoped that a gentle walk after their bout of love-making would loosen his tongue.

Chapter IV

Georgina glanced up at the castle as the carriage trundled its way through the lower town and people stopped and bowed or courtesied as she passed. As much as she liked the subservience of her subjects, she had a begrudging respect for the terrorist, currently holed up somewhere in her realm. He seemed to be the only person who wasn't scared of her no matter what tortures her trusty allies inflicted.

She had been in her seat of Government and had had a thoroughly boring day. She would inflict pain on the terrorist, and as her carriage pulled up at the gates and then passed into the entrance she barked to a guard.

"Your majesty," a guard greeted her as she descended from the wheeled contraption.

"I want the prisoner, naked and bound in my chambers in one hour," she barked and strode inside. "Oh and send Sunniva to me."

* * * * *

The vapulating sounds echoed around the room as Georgina brought down the whip on Yohann's bare buttocks. She had spoken to Sunniva who had admitted her sex with the prisoner and instead of firing the servant and having her punished, Georgina gave her a warm hug and congratulated her for her efforts. She deemed allowing the girl to be taken and sharing a bath with the foul creature to be above and beyond what was expected.

Yohann had "revealed" to Sunniva that he would not bow down and accept Georgina as his Queen as she was not strong enough, not merciful and not fair, which caused Georgina to fly off into a rage. She was still not calm when she saw the naked Yohann, grabbed hold of the nearest item, a horse whip, and proceeded to add several marks to his impressive array of scars.

She turned him to face him and stared into his eyes. "I must say, lovely girl that Sunniva. Where did you find her?" Yohann asked and Georgina screwed up her face. "Was it your idea or hers to say she came from Elgiva?"

Georgina puffed angrily and Yohann saw the spark of wrath in her eyes. She brought the whip down on his chest and then threw it onto the bed in anger when he barely made a whimper.

"I defeated you," Georgina yelled. "I beat you. What do I need to do to make you accept me as your Queen?"

Yohann nodded his head and tilted it. "You could start by treating me fairly. You could stop your armies from raping and pillaging my people," he replied emotionlessly and Georgina snorted.

"Your people? My armies do not rape and pillage anyone."

Yohann shook his head. "They do. I've seen them." He grunted and looked at her. "When you've seen a ten year old gang-raped there is nothing you can do to me to get anywhere close to that." He stared at her angry eyes and snorted. "And you think you defeated me, there will be more armies, more people. We don't trust you," he angrily told her. "I failed. Someone else will kill you."

She licked her lips and looked out of the castle and eyed the mountains in the background. She picked up her sword and swung it over her head, stared at him in the eye and shook her head. "I will kill you," she threatened and he just taunted her.

Georgina called a guard in. "Put him in the dungeon. And get some horses. Tomorrow we ride for Elgiva."

* * * * *

"This is your king?" She barked into the main square of the town centre as the naked Yohann was paraded in front of them. She sneered as a barrage of abuse came back at her and she picked up a sword from her bodyguard's baldric, throwing it towards him. "A fight. If you win, your Elgiva can have independence. If I win, you submit," she asked and the naked man turned to address his people. The array of peasants cheered him on and he picked the wonky weapon up and felt the side; it was not smooth but he needed to win the impromptu battle.

The warrior queen pulled her sword from her sheath. "You can give in and leave with your life now," she offered but Yohann shook his head. It was the only part of her country that had not acquiesced to her reign and he had no intention of making it easy.

She coughed and moved forward into a small ring, pulling her sword in front of her and striking it forward. Yohann fell back, struggling to gain a footing as his bare feet couldn't grip the sandy surface. He moved to his left to avoid a second blow and then had to scramble away from a third. He squealed as her flailing sword lacerated his scarred back and she cackled devilishly. "Bow before me."

Yohann sneered and lunged forward, the echoes of the crowd ringing around him. Georgina brushed his sword away but she slipped and he regained his footing and slashed his battle-scarred weapon towards her. It made contact with a deafening clink and she dropped her sword.

The naked Yohann advanced on the woman and stamped on her chest as she struggled to right herself. He held the abnormous weapon to her throat and glared at her. "Do we have freedom?"

Georgina gulped; this wasn't in the plan. She shook her head and Yohann saw two of the guards move in towards them. "Stop," Georgina cried and nodded. "Yes, you have freedom. If you let me go."

Yohann chuckled. "And if I am king," he told the agamous monarch. "Then I must have a Queen." Georgina gulped as he smiled at her and pulled his weapon away, announcing to the crowd that this woman would be his wife.